

AVENGED AT LAST; Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."
(Copyright, 1900.)

CHAPTER VII.

Another fruitless search. Days of anxiety passed only to prove in the end that the new clue was a false one. The amateur detectives had been to New Orleans, had watched for several days a man with an iron-gray mustache and beard resembling Velasquez whom they found in that city. From New Orleans they had followed him to Cuba only to discover that he was an innocent Cuban who had been out on a protracted spree.

It was one more added to the many disappointments they had already experienced, so with sad hearts they left the Crescent city and returned to join Mrs. Deloro and her daughter at Long Branch.

Their presence was never more welcome, for the widow was secretly longing for a change of scene, while Armida had openly expressed the same desire.

It was about an hour after dinner of the day on which they returned. Mr. Wilcox was up in the parlor relating his useless adventures and fruitless chase after the innocent Cuban to Mrs. Deloro, and Armida was keeping Percy Lovel company while he smoked a cigar on the piazza. The two last named sat near to an open window of the ball-room, and as they talked, watched the couples who were already assembling to take part in the German that evening.

During the interval which had elapsed since Percy met Mr. Wilcox in San Francisco the Englishman had grown quite stout and had very much improved his appearance by cultivating a beard.

As he sat near to the lovely girl tonight no one would have remarked that there was a great disparity of age between them—that is to say the fact would not have struck a casual observer very forcibly.

Percy had grown into a handsome, broad-chested man, and possessed a healthy appearance which denoted that he had forsaken most of the foolish



THEY SAT WATCHING THE COUPLES ASSEMBLING IN THE BALL-ROOM.

ways of his youth and was living as a reasonable and sensible man should. He was friendly and fluent conversationalist, though he never unpleasantly contradicted his opinions. He conducted himself with that easy freedom for which most Englishmen are, for some reason or other, said to be celebrated.

If he had any sorrows he never expressed them. Armida had tried once or twice to get the affable "secretary" to give her an account of some of his early history, but she soon discovered her questions pained him and now forbore to touch upon the subject.

Between Armida and Percy a bond of friendship seemed to have been formed, which, although the expression may be considered exaggerated, is best described as that of an older brother to a sister.

They had long called each other by their first names and had both drifted into the habit quite unconsciously and in an unnoticeable, innocent manner.

Percy had just finished his cigar and they had each risen to promenade a little while before joining the older people.

As they moved away Armida laid her hand on Percy's arm and said: "Do you see that elderly gentleman standing near the musicians?"

"The tall one with the dark beard?" asked Percy.

"Yes, that is the man I mean."

"Why?" said Percy. "Do you know him?"

"I was introduced to him the other evening and he has pestered me with attentions ever since. He came here first the day after you left for New Orleans."

"Is there anything very unpleasant about his attentions?" was Percy's next question.

"Decidedly so. He is a man toward whom I formed a dislike at first sight, and besides, he dyes his beard. Somehow I never could like a man whose beard was black all over except at the roots."

"You must be of an ultra-observing nature," remarked Percy.

"That is one of the things a woman will observe," was the reply. Then she continued: "His attentions are the more objectionable because they are so marked. Were he to see me now he would be out here in a moment asking me to dance. I really imagine, if the truth were known, that he is at an age when dancing is one of the last things which would be expected of him."

"Who is he?" asked Percy.

"He was introduced to me as Mr. Emerick, and he volunteered the information that he is engaged in the shipping trade with South America. His place of business is in New York, I believe."



"MISS MARLOW, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING?"

In that man's movements; at times he moves in a manner which I recognize, and then, again, he seems to act as though in an unnatural manner. However, I suppose it is, if anybody at all, some one I met in Paris in the days of long ago. Any way, there is no reason in his only slight and I have none whatever. So let us move on. With these words they moved away.

An hour later they were back in the same spot, and as they sat talking the gentleman whom they had watched earlier in the evening came toward them and stood beside their chairs almost before they had noticed him.

"Good evening, Miss Marlow. Where have you been hiding yourself lately? Your presence has not graced the ball-room during the entire evening."

"No, I have been too weary to dance. The hard society work of the past few weeks has almost prostrated me. But pardon me—Mr. Emerick, allow me to introduce Mr. Lovel."

The two gentlemen exchanged greetings, and the older one remarked: "Our charming young friend Miss Marlow is in great demand among the gentlemen of our circle here. Will you not both join us in the ball-room?"

"I fear you have mistaken the lady's name," said Percy, looking his listener straight in the face; "her name is not Marlow, but Deloro."

The stranger seemed confused, apparently on account of his blunder, but he quickly recovered his polite composure and profusely apologized to Armida.

"I hope you will allow that it was quite a natural mistake," he said. "I trust I am pardoned; the fact is that a pistol shot was fired near to my left ear when I was quite young which deafened me, and as I stood to the right of the lady who introduced me to Miss Deloro, the mistake is accounted for. Am I pardoned?" he asked, turning to Armida.

"Certainly," was the reply.

The tall stranger did not remain long in their company after that. A few ordinary civilities were passed and he left them, ostensibly to return to the ball-room, but Armida afterwards remarked to Percy that he had not done so.

"I share your dislike for the affable gentleman," said Percy, as he and Armida returned to their rooms.

Late that night when nearly everybody had gone to bed Percy went to Mr. Wilcox's room to have a few words with that worthy individual.

"Won't you smoke a cigar, Percy?" the old man asked.

Percy accepted one, and when he had lit it he threw himself back in his chair and opened up quietly by saying:

"Well, my boy," for he still called Percy a boy, "I am all attention; what's in the wind, another elow?"

"No, not this time. We are called upon to protect and not to prosecute," said Percy.

"Who claims our protection?" asked his friend and counselor.

"Armida Deloro," was the reply.

"Who has designs on that sweet creature?" asked the millionaire.

Percy told all he had seen and heard that night.

"This mysterious man is undoubtedly bestowing his attentions on Armida for a purpose of his own, and as it only distresses her we must stop it."

"You seem very much afraid that Armida is falling into danger in that man's presence, but don't you think that she is able to care for herself?"

"That may be," said Percy, "but if I mistake not, that man is a designing old villain, and the less he sees of Armida the better. I do not like his looks and he reminds me too much of the man we are looking for."

At these words Mr. Wilcox sat bolt upright in his chair. He was full of interest now.

"How do you mean? Does this fellow resemble *him* in features?" he asked.

"As I never had much opportunity nor was ever sufficiently interested in Velasquez' features to examine them I can not positively say, but if this man looks like him he certainly does not walk like him, for Velasquez stooped a little and this man is upright almost to absurdity. No, what I mean is that his character and method of action is not such as I should imagine Velasquez' to be. I only wish he had been Velasquez."

"Guess I'll have to take a good look at that gent in the morning and see what he looks like. It won't do to have any suspicious characters buzzing around Armida, even if they are ship-owners."

"Just what I have imagined for some time," said the old man. Then he remarked inquiringly: "But you have never told her of it?"

"No, I never have, and for the present I do not intend to do so."

"For what reason?"

"First and foremost, I am too poor." "That is no reason at all. You have sacrificed your future to help me and I am responsible for your poverty, and in like manner I am morally responsible for your future well-being and shall make it my business to see that you get your share of the good things of this world. I have plenty and to spare and I guess when you want to marry Armida, you can get all the money you want for the asking."

This was a long speech for Mr. Wilcox to make, but it was in good faith. "Yet," Percy replied, "the probabilities are that if you had not taken me out of San Francisco I should be still as poor as ever."

"Nay, not so, Percy; you have ability and it would have been developed. Look at the way you have handled my affairs, for instance. Haven't I followed your advice in all my investments, and haven't they paid well in nine cases out of ten?"

"Still I was only doing my duty to you as your servant."

"Percy Beaumont Lovel," said the good-hearted millionaire, "I have often told you that I object to the word *servant* being used and applied to yourself. It may go over in England, but it doesn't go here, so please don't use it."

Now Percy knew that when Mr. Wilcox addressed him by his full name the old gentleman was annoyed, so he felt he must do something to please him and bring him back to his usual even temper. "It is kind of you to place such entire confidence in me, Mr. Wilcox," he said, "but even if I did accept your assistance I could not ask Armida to marry me at present. I have sworn to myself to follow up every trail I find until that vile Velasquez meets his deserts and until we find him or proof of his death, I can not settle down. At any moment I might have to go off to a distant part of the country or abroad and under such circumstances a wife would be a burden. Moreover, my thoughts are so intent upon the work of running her father's murder to earth, that in my abstractedness at times she might think that I did not love her. Then there is another matter quite worth consideration. Suppose she would not have me?"

"Hardly any fear that she would refuse you, my boy. I can't see through a brick wall, but I can see through a ladder, and if that girl is not in love with the secretary I am very much mistaken," remarked Mr. Wilcox.

"You have never heard Armida talk about an Englishman's love, though," remarked Percy.

"Can't say I ever did," was the reply.

"Why, she says an Englishman's love is the most cold-blooded kind of love in the world. One night she became quite enthusiastic. She had been reading an Italian love story, about a young couple who committed suicide in each other's embrace because their parents would not let them wed. I said that I thought an Englishman's love was as true as if it was not as demonstrative as any other man's; but she put her hands on my shoulders and looked me in the eyes and said with an intensely dramatic effect: 'You Englishmen do not know what love is. Love which is love is only known beneath the sunny skies of my father's native land.' Her words had quite an effect upon me for a time and I almost felt as though I really did not know how to love, but when I have accomplished, with your assistance, the desire of my heart, I will prove to her that I at least can love."

As Percy uttered his last words Mr. Wilcox looked at him with an admiring glance and said: "Percy, my boy, I believe you."

By this time each had finished his cigar and they parted for the night—Mr. Wilcox promising to take a good look at Mr. Emerick next morning.

But when the next morning came he was doomed to disappointment, for on inquiring for Mr. Emerick at the hotel office he and Percy were told that the gentleman of that name had left on the early morning train for New York.

Neither could have explained exactly why, but each felt a keen disappointment that they did not see the reputed wealthy ship-owner again. Besides they were puzzled to understand why he should have made such a hasty departure. They did not gain much satisfaction from the clerk, for that functionary said he did not know the reason, except that Mr. Emerick had told him he was called to New York on business.

In an hour the ship-owner had almost passed from their thought and they began to make preparations for their own departure on the following day.

CHAPTER VIII.

In one of the darkest parts of Pearl street, New York, a section of the street made dark by the elevated railroad, there is an old-fashioned building which doubles as a warehouse and a place of business. It was many years ago converted into mercantile offices. Not so very long since, on the glass door of a room on the second floor, the following lettering might have been read: "Emerick & Co., South American Merchants." On the left-hand corner was printed in smaller letters: "Julius Emerick," and on the right was the name "Henry Howe," indicating that these were the names of the two partners in the firm.

Inside this room, seated at his desk in a private office, surrounded with glass, sat Julius Emerick, the senior member of the firm. It was the afternoon of the day on which that gentleman had made a hurried departure from Long Branch. His sudden return had upset the calculations of the clerks, and two out of the three whom the firm employed were away to a base-ball game at Staten Island. The discovery of this fact when he came down to the office after lunch had irritated Mr. Emerick beyond measure, and the solitary clerk who had been left in charge was having a rather unpleasant time of it with his employer. Emerick was naturally an irritable man, and to-day he acted in an excessively disagreeable manner.

"Goose," he called out to the clerk. "Sir?" was the submissive response. "Has the Trinidad cleared?"

"Yes, sir, she cleared this morning, and everything is ready. She sails this evening at sundown."

"Have we received any dispatches from Mr. Howe lately?"

"Only the one lying on your desk, sir. It must get to be opened. It came in about one o'clock, after the other clerks had gone away."

Mr. Emerick walked to his desk, and at once called out in a sharp tone: "There is no dispatch here."

"It must be there, I placed it on your

desk myself, sir."

Then the clerk began to look for it and found it almost immediately. It was covered up by a pile of papers.



"GOOSE!" HE CALLED OUT TO THE CLERK,

which Mr. Emerick had placed on it himself. The clerk went back to his desk and Mr. Emerick sat down to read the dispatch. It was to the effect that Mr. Howe, his partner, who was down at Buenos Ayres, was sick and wished to return to New York. As Mr. Emerick read, something almost amounting to a smile beamed on his face, only that when he smiled his personal appearance was not at all improved, for it was such an unmeaning, ghostly smile compared with what smiles are generally understood to be, that there was nothing pleasant about it.

Again he called out: "Goose," and met another ready response.

"Go over to Staten Island and find Mr. Howe. Tell him to come to the office without a moment's delay, no matter how interesting the game may be."

"All right, sir," replied the clerk.

"But before you go ring up a District Messenger boy. I want to send a note to Captain Dacre. I am going to sail for Buenos Ayres on the Trinidad tonight, and there is not a minute to be lost. Take a cab to the ferry and do not let any thing interrupt you. Use every effort to find Bellevue at whatever expense. I will be here in the office to meet him at five o'clock."

Goose went off to fulfill Emerick's bidding and the merchant sat down to write a note to send over to Captain Dacre at the Brooklyn dock, telling him to prepare quarters for himself. In a few moments the note was on its way and Mr. Emerick busied himself for an hour straightening up various matters. Then he walked out to send a telegram to his partner advising him that he could now leave Buenos Ayres at his pleasure, as he proposed to start immediately to take charge of their office there. After doing this he jumped into a cab and was driven to his apartments, where he soon had every thing packed and was ready to start on his voyage.

In the meantime Goose was hunting all over the base-ball grounds to find Mr. Howe, the managing clerk. He was all of a flutter with excitement and the minutes were flying past with aggravating rapidity. It was after four o'clock before he found his man, and then the two ran down to the landing and just managed to catch the ferry-boat.

Another instant would have been too late; as it was they had to jump aboard the boat at the imminent risk of falling into the water. The bystanders laughed at their exertions and shouted after them, but they heeded not. They reached the office a few minutes before five o'clock and found their employer awaiting them. He did not waste any time upbraiding Mr. Howe for leaving the office during his absence; time was too precious. He spoke sharply enough, however, when he said:

"Goose, you stay and lock up the office, and you, Mr. Howe, jump into the cab with me and I will give you your instructions as we ride."

The instructions which he had to give were brief but positive. No one was to know where he had gone and his residence, he said, were purely personal. He would attend to the business of the house in Buenos Ayres, but his name would not be used conspicuously. As they lighted from the cab at the dock, Mr. Emerick looked around for a newspaper to buy an evening paper. He did

not see a boy but approached a middle-aged woman who was calling out "Evening Telegram," in a voice rendered husky by constant shouting. He had bought the paper and was walking away when the woman dropped her papers and, running after him, shouted: "Alphonse! Alphonse!" in a wild, almost joyful manner. She caught up with him and laid her hand on his coat-sleeve.

"Hands off, woman. What do you mean?"

"Alphonse, don't you know me?" she piteously cried.

But she did not have the opportunity to hear the reply, for the dock policeman supposing she was supplicating for alms laid rude hands on her and soon forced her outside the gate.

"Let me follow him; he is my husband," she said.

"A rather likely story. Why, that is Mr. Emerick, the wealthy merchant and owner of the cargo in the Trinidad, lying at the dock yonder," replied the policeman.

"He is not. He is Alphonse Bregy, my husband, who deserted me many years ago—it must be twenty—and I will follow him."

"You're crazy, woman," was the rough reply.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered and a lot of Italian newshaws were fighting over the newspapers which they had stolen from the poor woman when she dropped them.

The crowd only laughed and jeered at her, which so enraged the poor woman that she became almost frantic, and in wild, despairing accents cried out: "Oh, my God, I wish I was dead!"

With these wild words she rushed off towards the water's edge as though to jump in, but a man in the crowd, interpreted her and in the end the policeman arrested her on a charge of disorderly conduct.

The woman who caused all this disturbance had sold newspapers in Brooklyn to gain a livelihood for the past six or seven years. No one knew and few cared to know where she came from or any thing of her history. The only name she was called by was "French Emille," though her speech only slightly indicated her nationality. She was, or rather had been, a good-looking woman, but her features showed signs of dissipation which was sometimes so much intensified as to make her appearance horrible.

Once she had grown communicative and told some other woman who also sold papers near to Fulton Ferry that she was married in New York more than twenty years ago. Her husband, she said, had deserted her and her boy baby soon after the birth of the latter, and she had never heard of him since. The baby had grown into a fine fellow who had found employment in a New York office, but growing tired of city life had gone West to the mining districts of Colorado, since which time she had never heard a word from him. This was all that anybody knew about French Emille's history.

As the unfortunate creature was being locked up in the police cell, the "Trinidad" was steaming out into the East river and Mr. Emerick was fairly on the way to South America.

Mr. Howe rode back to Pearl street wrapt in contemplative thought. He had always thought his employer a strange man, but knew nothing of his history other than Mr. Emerick himself had related. Mr. Howe, the junior partner of the firm, had built up a reputation by working his way in an incredibly short space of time from the desk to the position of manager in a large shipping house, and having had a small legacy left him had resolved to go into business for himself. So he chose the South American trade, with which he was perfectly familiar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We wish to state to our patrons that One Minute Cough Cure is a safe and reliable remedy for children troubled with croup, colds, hoarseness and lung troubles. It is pleasant to take and quickly cures. McFadden & Price.

Zano cures mental, nervous and sexual debility of men and restores lost manhood. Zano cures mental and sexual debility of men. Sold by A. R. Kane.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

It is rumored that ex-Governor Hogg of Texas will start a newspaper at Dallas.

Water and light companies of Missouri and Kansas have formed an organization.

Fifty men have been summoned from which to select a jury in the Harlan murder case in Fayette, Mo.

In Defiance, Ohio, the Clipper plow works were destroyed by fire. The loss is about \$29,000 and the insurance small.

The limitations law of Illinois was declared unconstitutional by the state supreme court.

The trial of ex-Representative C. H. Harlan for the murder of C. W. Monroe was begun at Fayette, Mo.

A proposition has been submitted to the Russian council of state that a league to the Russian be established.

In these days of telephone, telegraph electricity and steam, people cannot afford to wait days or as many hours for relief. It is our reason for offering you One Minute Cough Cure. Neither days, nor hours, nor even minutes elapse before relief is afforded. McFadden & Price.

Zano invigorates the enfeebled mind and nervous system and restores lost manhood. Zano cures mental and nervous debility of men. Sold by A. R. Kane.

The senate committee on naval affairs has decided upon the indefinite postponement of the resolution providing for a ballistic test of the Carnegie plates.

While skating in the river at Ottawa, Kan., Walter Seelers broke through the ice and was rescued with great difficulty. He is now in a fair way to recover.

Reports from the New York sub-treasury state that \$300,000 of gold was withdrawn Wednesday for export, leaving the true amount of the gold reserve \$73,404,003.

In the Harlan murder case, Judge Cheney of Reno, Nev., admitted the defendant to bail in the sum of \$25,000, pending a new trial. Citizens promptly furnished \$24,000.

An investigation of the Argentine Republic reported to the state department reduces the duty on products imported from the United States into that country.

A gentleman of this county who has excellent judgment remarked to us the other day that he knew of no pill, so good for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint as Dr. Williams' Little Early Risers. McFadden & Price.

Zano cures all diseases resulting from mental and nervous debility. Zano restores the broken down nervous system and lost manhood. Sold by A. R. Kane.

The strike in the Massillon, Ohio, coal district has finally come to an end, all the drivers and outside men who have been on a strike agreeing to go back to work for \$1.67 a day.

Two men were killed and two others injured by a boiler explosion at the 40-inch mill in the Carnegie steel works at Homestead. The boiler room was completely wrecked, entailing a loss of \$10,000.

Governor McIntyre of Colorado has appointed C. M. Moses of Pueblo assistant general and Mrs. John Rott, wife of the ex-governor, and ex-Governor Alva Adams members of the state agricultural board.

On account of slack trade the American Wire company of Cleveland, Ohio, has closed down its rod mills, throwing 500 men out of employment. The company believes that the suspension will be of only temporary duration.

Promptness is a commendable virtue. That's why we offer you One Minute Cough Cure. It is prompt in relief and prompt in curing. That is what it is made for. McFadden & Price.

The Baxter Bank.

DIRECTORS:

ALEXANDER WARNER, President;
IRA C. PERKINS, Cashier;
BENJ. S. WARNER, Asst. Cashier;
L. MURRAY PERKINS,
S. T. WARNER,
E. B. PERKINS.

Does a General Banking Business.

Pays Interest on Time Deposits.

Always Has Money to Loan on Good Security.



CANCER INSTITUTE.

The only institute of the kind in KANSAS CITY.

For the cure and treatment of Cancers and all malignant Blood and Skin diseases, Granulated Eyelids and all forms of FEMALE COMPLAINTS. (We give most special attention to Cancers, Piles and Female Complaints.) Medicines sent to any part of the U. S. by mail or express. Consultation by letter or personal, confidential and FREE. Call at office, or address J. M. DUNCAN, M. D., No. 911 Central street, Kansas City, Mo.

PEORIA

Mining, Construction and Land Company.

TEN MILES SOUTHEAST OF BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS.

Largest Mining Company in the Western Country.

20,000 ACRES OF FIRST CLASS MINING LAND TO LEASE FOR MINING, GRAZING AND FARMING PURPOSES.

These Mines are in Full Blast.

LANDS AT TEN PER CENT ROYALTY STRAIGHT.

FREE TIMBER AND BUILDING STONE.

TEN MILES SOUTH OF BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS.

We also have millet to feed 2000 cattle, and have 5000 acres of good pasture lands to rent. All under 3-wire fence. Plenty of water and shade. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. Address

J. P. McNAUGHTON, Manager,
Peoria, Ind. Ter.

Are you going to take an Academic Course?

Would you like to prepare for the Kansas University?

Do you want to fit yourself for teaching? If so, attend the

Lowell Polytechnic Institute,

Lowell Kansas.

P. E. Goddard, A. B., Prin.; W. E. Morgan, A. M., and Alice R. Goddard

Assistants. Miss Mattie Dawson, Instructor in Music. Tuition for

Winter Term, 12 weeks, Academic \$9, Common School \$7.50.

Twenty-four lessons on Organ or Piano, \$10. Come any time.

Winter Term begins January 1st.



DR. E. A. WEST'S GREAT AND FAMOUS TREATMENT is sold under positive written guarantee, by authorized agents only, to cure Weak Memory, Loss of Brain and Nerve Power, Lost Manhood, Quinsies, Night Sweats, Trill Dreams, Lack of Confidence, Nervousness, Lassitude, All Diseases of the Generative Organs in either sex, caused by over-exertion, Venereal Errors, or Loss of Blood, Syphilis, Gonorrhea, or other diseases of the Urinary, Genital, or Reproductive Systems. By mail, \$1 a box; six for \$5; with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Write for full particulars. Sold by McFadden & Price, druggists, sole agents, Baxter Springs, Kan.



BACON, THE BARBER,

South Military street, Baxter Springs, Ka.

J. P. HARTLEY,

Practical Auctioneer

For the City of Baxter Springs

and Surrounding Country.

Leave orders at the News office

Baxter Livery Stable.

JULIUS BISCHOFFSBERGER,

Proprietor.

FIRST CLASS TURNOUTS

AT REASONABLE RATES.